
THE
LADY'S
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JANUARY, 1813.

We have not, as we promised, presented our Subscribers with a Portrait of the elder MISS BOLTON; we intend, in our next, to give our reason for its omission, at full length.

MRS. STERLING.

THIS lady, whose maiden name was Dixon, is the daughter of an officer in the army, and granddaughter of the late Major General Dixon, of the Royal Engineers; she is also niece of Admiral Dixon; and has two brothers of good rank in the army. At the age of 16, she was articled as pupil to the late Mrs. Crouch, and to Michael Kelly, Esq.

She performed as second singer at the Opera House, for one season, under the name of Signora Clara, her Christian name; but her first appearance on the *English* stage was for Mrs. Crouch's benefit, as Beda, in *Blue Beard*, April 15th, 1799, at Drury Lane Theatre: she appeared also the succeeding season, on the same occasion, in *Guita*, in *The Siege of Belgrade*; and was engaged by Mr. Harris for Covent Garden, where she made her *debut* as Polly, in the *Beggars' Opera*, and continued there three seasons. She afterwards joined the Plymouth and Exeter company for the first line of singing; and here

became acquainted with Mr. Smith, the Deputy Manager of that company; to whom, in the year 1803, she was unfortunately married; repeated ill conduct from this man obliged her to separate from him; and, after a temporary secession from the stage, she sought for herself and three of his children, one a cripple, an existence from her own professional exertions, as the only means left her for support. Mrs. Smith performed at Bath, Bristol, Manchester, Liverpool, Hull, and York; from whence she removed to London; and appeared as Polly at the Surrey Theatre, for a few nights only, by particular desire.

Under the assumed name of Sterling, she was again engaged, in 1812, by the Managers of Covent Garden Theatre, for three years, at the respectable salary of six, seven, and eight, guineas a week; and for the vocal department of the ensuing season at Vauxhall at a weekly salary of ten guineas.

The arduous task of a parent, left to supply by her own exertions the double duties of father and mother, to children abandoned by him to whom they have the *greatest* claim for support, would blunt the edge of criticism, did the justice of the critic feel inclined to inflict it; but Mrs. Sterling has nothing to fear on this score: a steady attention to the parts she has allotted her in *acting*, as well as singing them, a clear enunciation of the *words* of her songs, a custom, we are sorry to say, nearly routed by the introduction of acromatic notes, would sufficiently recommend her to our commendation, if the tones of her voice, and clearness of shake, were insufficient to claim our praise. C.

WHIP ELOQUENCE:—A Lady, not remarkable for delicacy of character, had rudely discharged her coachman, who, before he left her, requested an interview with her. She received him haughtily, supposing he was coming to beg to be reinstated in his place,—when he accosted her thus:—"I should take it, Madam, as a particular favour that you will never mention I lived with you; for if you did, I should never gain another situation."

FRAGMENTS,

*Found in pulling down an Old House in the Parish of
St. Giles.*

Mr. Editor,

I have sent you the inclosed roll of dirty paper; perhaps it may further the cause of virtue by an insertion in your miscellany.

Your's, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

April 1, 1790.—According to papa's request, I have begun my diary; he says it will give me much pleasure bye and bye: and I have no doubt it will, as he does every thing he knows that will please me. I have been from school two years, and have had an excellent education: papa says I play Haydn's Canzonets as well as my sister, and Mr. Kitson says, no one dances in a more elegant style than I do. Governess always called me into the room for the sake of my courtesy, whenever a new boarder arrived at our school. Our county ball is next week, and my birth-day two days after; at which I am to have a party; I shall then be 16,—Oh! how happy I am!

April 2.—How much happier I am than when I was at school! every body notices me; they say I am very beautiful; cousin William says he loves me; what stuff! how disagreeable he is! he is so formal; told mama of it; she very angrily said, she should not think of such a *chit* as I am to talk of matrimony. I left the room in a pet; but overheard mama say I had grown very woman-like.

April 3.—Got up at nine, played the last new Vauxhall song, frightened mama in practising "The Soldier tir'd," the harp breaks my nails,—won't take any more lessons for any body, breakfasted at ten, had a game of

romps with Anne; she tells me Mr. Jones and Master Robert said I was a lovely girl, not to compare with my sister; stood up on a chair before a glass to look at my ancles; papa said they were well turned. Mem. To shorten my petticoats. Looked over some Italian book, hate it.—Walked in the garden, began to paint a screen for mama, spoilt the paper, find I can't draw without my master helps me; dined at four; Mr. Murrell and family drank tea here, he wondered why papa didn't come to church to hear him, how impertinent! Mem. His daughters, two old maids, must be methodists,—praised my playing,—asked if I could make a pudding, vulgar wretches!

April 5, Sunday.—My new dress came home this morning,—angry with Anne for not bringing it directly into my room;—rose at ten, found it lying in mama's chamber, pretended I had the head-ache to be excused going to church; papa very poorly, late home from club last night, and frightened mama into hysterics; says he was a *little gay*, think he is often a *little gay*; mama says he was —; what a word! I dare not write it down, though she declared he was quite a beast: tried on my new dress, mama says 'tis made too low, but I know better; knocked my head against a marble slab in practising a step, long for the ball; put my dress on twice, don't think it mends on acquaintance; had three glasses of wine after dinner, because it was Sunday; papa quite good tempered, laughed at my wit on Moses in the Bible; papa says he never will get tipsey again, gave him t'other pint, as he calls it,—when the divinity gentleman called, as I have nicknamed him;—old gentleman very cross, went away soon. We spent the evening on the water; came home, sung three canzonets, read in my chamber the new novel called the *Wedding Night*, or *Delicate Embarrassment*, till one o'clock, set fire to my cap, and burnt the prettiest curl on my forehead.

April 7.—Oh how sleepy I am!—been to the county ball, got up at three o'clock in the afternoon,—begin to

hate this nasty journal, sha'n't date it any more. Oh my head!—every body told me how beautiful I am! Sir Harry Neale gave my hands a squeeze at hands across; Capt. Ranter kissed me, while the coachman drove us home; was never kissed by a man, except papa, before; fancy I ought to be very angry with him,—but indeed I am not;—he's an uncommon fine fellow; Anne says she will do any thing to serve us.

Our affair goes on charmingly; Ranter says he loves me; but when we meet, he is so violent, he frightens me to death; says he'll carry me off; papa won't give his consent, because his father has made a gentleman of him, and bought him a pair of colors; how charming he looks in regimentals! Old Ranter says he will never attend to shop, what a spirit!

Sunday morning.—After our concert, the day altered, because pa was poorly, and was not obliged to day to get up to business. How I charmed them all in Oh quanto *Panìma*! Ranter says I can reach a note higher than Sestini; papa had gentleman to dine with him, Ranter not invited.

Ranter came into my room while I was dressing; Nanny came into the room, and he kissed her, and bade her not tell mama; he might have made believe I think; mama came poking into the room, and poor Ranter was obliged to jump into the garden.—Gentleman got very merry.—What a handsome man Mr. Craddock is! sung very loud,—listened at the door, and heard some very funny stories,—mean to write them all to my dear Miss Mordant at school. Mama very cross; Mr. Craddock fell down in the drawing room, and the young surgeon that is to be, poured his cup of coffee down my back,—danced in the evening, spite of the Bishop.

Country very stupid; worry papa to take me to town; Ranter to join his regiment next week, how melancholy it makes me! papa calls him a beggar.

May 21.—Papa brought some new music; but I won't leave off pouting till he takes me to London. We are to

May 30.—Went to church, laughed at the clerk ; mama angry with me for not knowing how to behave ; she and papa slept all the sermon ; I counted how many times the parson said therefore.

September.—What a time it is since I wrote: read Little's poem lent me by Ranter; found half a note in it thus—

Your humble servant,

MARY LEWIS."

October, 1806.—We have now been in London a month almost; how pleased and dazzled I am! I am sure I sha'n't find time to continue my journal.

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• Miserable girl that I am! • • • • •

he died * * broken hearted * he * *

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1810.—Yes, I will add one word more to my journal before I die. What have not been my sufferings? What has not been my sorrow? The tears now gush from my eyes. Oh my parents, forgive me! The pen that writes this is even bought with the last penny I possess; I am dying, a victim to despair, a prey to my own ill conduct. Oh that pang * * * * * May every female be guarded in her conduct! May she * * * *

THE LIFE OF MRS. CHAPONE.

(Continued from page 305, vol. XIII.)

Miss MULSO passed this period of her life in a state of content and tranquillity, for which she never failed to express a pious gratitude, both in her conversation with, and her letters to all her intimate friends: excepting the circumstance of a weakly constitution, which seldom allowed her the enjoyment of full health, she had little interruption to her happiness.

She lived with a father whom she tenderly loved, and was, with his consent and approbation, frequently indulged in the society of a lover, for whom the ardour of her affection never experienced a moment's abatement from its earliest commencement. Mr. Richardson, in one of his letters, speaks of Mr. Chapone as likely to go abroad; whether or not he ever had such an intention cannot now be ascertained, but certain it is that he never did go out of England for a single day during any part of his life.

Her winters were always spent in London, in a circle of chosen and highly valued friends; among whom the Rev. Mr. Burrows and his sisters ranked the foremost. To this family she was indebted for some of the brightest hours of her prosperity, and on them she almost wholly reposed for comfort and kind alleviation in those of sorrow and distress which afterwards awaited her. Indeed it will appear, in the course of this narrative, that from the small part of that family whom she had not the misfortune to survive, was chiefly derived the source of the limited share of pleasure or satisfaction that she was capable of tasting at the close of her life.

Miss Mulso, both from her natural talents and elegant acquirements, was peculiarly qualified to shine in society, and her company was coveted by all who had ever shared in the charms of her conversation. Added to the superiority her excellent understanding gave her, she was mistress of so ample a fund of humour, joined with an innate cheerfulness, as rendered her a most entertaining and desirable companion to all ages, as well as to both sexes. Her musical talents, also, were such as occasioned her to be eagerly sought after by those who were lovers of real harmony. Though totally uninstructed, her voice was so sweet and powerful, her natural taste so exquisite, and her ear so accurate, that, without any scientific knowledge, she would give a force of expression to Handel's compositions, that long practice and professional skill often failed to produce.

In summer her time was usually divided between the different country habitations of her family;—sometimes at the residence of her second brother, who was the Vicar of Sunbury, Middlesex; sometimes at the episcopal palace at Peterborough, during the time her uncle was Bishop of that diocese;* but more frequently at Canterbury, in the

* It is supposed the Editors of the Life of Mrs. Chapone, already published, have mistaken Lord Peterborough for the

house of her elder aunt, Mrs. Donne, who had been a widow some years. Here, though in other respects it does not appear to have been a favourite place of residence, she obtained an acquisition to her happiness which she cherished with partiality to the end of her life, and considered as the chief pride and boast of it;—this was the acquaintance of Mrs. Eliza Carter, a lady whose fame can admit of no addition from so feeble a pen as our's,[†] and therefore it is not intended that an inadequate tribute of praise should be offered to her character, but simply to speak of her as the friend of Miss Mulso.

These young ladies seem to have been united by mutual approbation, from the moment they were first made known to each other. Miss Mulso was then little more than twenty,—Miss Carter some years older; and, though their sentiments were not exactly similar upon all subjects, the occasionally overstrained imagination, and enthusiastic feelings of the former, were so happily checked by the solidity and deeper experience of the latter, that probably there have existed few instances of a friendship commenced at so early an age so strongly cemented, and so unalterably continued, during a course of more than fifty years.

Miss Carter was so engrossed by affection and attention to her own family, and by the extent of her literary pursuits, that no room seems to have been left for ties of a more tender nature;—this was a frequent point of lively debate between the two friends; and Miss Mulso, who had contracted that ardent attachment which no impediments could dissolve, would humorously abuse the “square cornered heart” of her friend, which precluded her participating in the favourite sentiment of her soul.

Bishop; in whose house they state Miss Mulso to have passed some time; neither she, nor any of her family, ever had the honour of being acquainted with that Nobleman. EDITOR.

† For a Memoir of this ornament to her sex, see Museum, Vol. XVI. Old Series.

The life of Miss Mulso was now passed in a regular routine, that furnished no incidents to be recorded, excepting some of the early productions of her pen, which, though at the time of writing they were solely intended for private perusal, have since been given to the public. Among the first of these were the Ode to Peace, and that addressed to her Friend on her intended publication of *Epictetus*. About the same time, also, the story of *Fidelia* was written; but, though composed purposely for the *Adventurer*, such was the timidity of the author, that nothing but the earnest persuasion of Miss Carter, and of all those friends to whose inspection she submitted it, could have prevailed upon her to take courage to send it to press. Various circumstances prevented the two friends from spending so much of their time together as they mutually wished, but they kept up a constant intercourse of writing, which seemed to heighten their esteem, and to confirm their regard for each other. About the end of the year 1760, Mr. Mulso, unwilling longer to protract the union of two of his children, so long and so unalterably attached as his daughter to Mr. Chapone, and his eldest son to Miss Prescott, arranged his affairs so as to admit of their both being married on the same day. He himself took up his abode with his son, while his daughter and her husband removed first into lodgings in Carey-street, and afterwards to a house in Arundel-street. It was at the time on which Mrs. Chapone reflected almost to the last hour of her life, as having afforded her complete and uninterrupted happiness: her tenderness for the lover never abated towards the husband; she loved him with an enthusiasm that admitted not of discerning a fault in him; an affection which, it is but justice to declare, he returned with every proof of kindness and esteem; and, during the short time their union was permitted to last, they lived together on terms of perfect harmony and mutual regard. Always obliging and accommodating in her disposition, it cannot be questioned that she was peculiarly so to the

man of her choice, and the object of her fondest partiality; and the absurdity of supposing the contrary, can only be equalled by the shameless effrontery of uttering so unfounded an assertion.

The writers of the spurious production, called "*The Life of Mrs. Chapone*," in which this unpardonable falsehood is affirmed, have indeed sought shelter under high and most respectable authority, as will appear by the following sentence:—"Her married life," says Mrs. Barbauld, speaking from personal observation, "was short, and not *very happy*;" but in *what* this infelicity consisted this Lady has no where stated.

The reader will be pleased to take notice, that the "*personal observation*" must have been the invention of a moment; Mrs. Barbauld could have been but a child at the time of Mr. Chapone's death, and was not acquainted with his widow until many years after that event.

(*To be continued.*)

MATILDA FORRESTER;

OR,

THE EXEMPLARY DAUGHTER.

(*Continued from page 318, vol. XIII.*)

THE labourer had now sunk to rest, not a single light glimmered through the peasant's casement, nought but the chirping of the cricket broke the silence of evening, when the lovers returned home. Matilda's father had arrived there before them. An additional gloom seemed gathered on his brow, and Laudon scarcely knew how to act,—whether to brave the storm that seemed creating over him, or to retire.

"Will you not kiss your Matilda?" said his daughter; "has she again offended you?" "No, my child," answered Forrester; "you are too good;—but I am unwell." Here he betrayed the most violent emotion, which Laudon failed not to perceive by the light of the moon, which shone full into the window, for Forrester had forbid the entrance of candles;—he pressed not, as usual, his daughter's hand, and the kiss which he gave her was cold and repulsive. After a pause, Laudon ventured to talk of the law's delay. "Young men," said Forrester, "unacquainted with business, idlers in the world, are always impatient; your few acres, Sir, will not be the worse for waiting for."—"Idlers! few acres!" reiterated Laudon to himself, "is language I never heard here before;" but, addressing himself to Forrester, he said, "Surely, Sir, my anxiety may be pardonable, when it prevents me the pleasure of claiming of you the treasure of your daughter's hand."—"Say no more about that; I cannot hear you now," said Forrester,—and he arose from his seat, and paced the room with lengthened strides. It was plain he was much agitated; he, however, called to his aid a little deceit, and softened his demeanour. "Mr. Hardie dines here to-morrow, my love," said he to his wife; but before any one could answer, he left the parlour for the lawn before the window.

Soon after, a slight repast was placed upon the table. Matilda had heard that morning of a young friend of hers, who had married a man old enough to be her father, which she deprecated in rather strong terms, assisted by a little forced vivacity, in which she was seconded by Laudon; and I know not how it was, but the conversation partook of a little more severity than usual. They did not exactly argue, that love in a cottage was preferable to age and riches, but they said something very like it. Forrester's ill-humour increased; he desired his wife and daughter, with stifled passion, to leave the room, as he had something particular to communicate to Capt. Laudon,

Matilda shuddered,—she, offered her hand to Mrs. Forrester;—her husband followed them with chilling composure, and then shut the door. They were left alone, yet the *tête-à-tête* was retarded; at length, after some little silence, Forrester emptied a glass of negus, which Matilda had prepared for Laudon, and with a faltering voice he began as follows:—"I am perhaps, Sir, about to astonish you by a declaration, which, from your little experience with the *prudential* part of the world, will no doubt appear extraordinary; but as I hold myself accountable to no one but myself for my conduct, I shall not trouble you with a reason for so acting, but merely add, that it is my firm wish that you never see my daughter but in the light of a friend any more. When first I gave my consent that you should be united to her, I had then no motive to act contrary to her wishes; but," continued he, raising his voice, and affecting to work himself into passion, in order that he might cover the real feelings of compunction and disappointed ambition which reigned in his bosom, "circumstances are now altered;—your attorney, doubtless, deceives you;—it is necessary you quit my house for ever." It was here that the partner of his cares, who had overheard high words, dared, for once, at the instigation of her daughter, to intrude. Forrester rose from his seat, and left the room. There was something so dark in the appearance of his countenance; the suddenness of Laudon's dismissal was so unexpected, that it was out of his power to interrupt his impetuosity;—he returned the solicitous enquiries of Mrs. Forrester, with a stupid gaze, and scarce knowing how he quitted the house, found himself at his old lodgings at the White Horse;—here he was a complete automaton; and when he threw himself into a chair, and as his aching eyes wandered round the room, the fire and taper danced before him double; every article of furniture was present to his sight;—he was not then asleep,—he was not awake; and when his valet asked him if he would undress, he motioned Collier to the door, wished him good night, played with his watch-

chain, and having a remote idea that he ought to act, he rose mechanically from his chair, hummed a tune, sat down again, till at length a burst of agony escaped from his bosom; the crisis of his feelings was approaching.—“Not see her more!” he murmured, and in murmuring it, he absolutely laughed aloud; light continued to dawn on his mind; he felt only what thousands have felt before, despairing, solitary, *succombé* with grief. As reason dawned, he tried to realise some resolution; plan succeeded plan; he threw up his eyes to heaven; he uttered an ejaculation. At length he went to bed; he was not disappointed that he did not sleep. At five o'clock he rang for his servant, for his writing-desk, and although under the dominion of an almost blinding head-ache, wrote the following letters:

TO JAMES FORRESTER, ESQ.

SIR,

The agony I feel from what passed last night, causes me to endure such acute sensations, that I am fearful this letter, although the result of a whole night's discussion, may scarce be intelligible to your comprehension. I dare not trust myself to say much on the surprise I felt at your unexpected conduct towards myself; but beg to know how I have been so unfortunate as to fall under your displeasure. You were once, Sir, kind enough to give me your friendship, and that also of your inestimable daughter, and it was my boast and pride that I had deserved such an honour; he pleased then to inform me what crime I can have committed, to deserve to lose all this. I am not conscious of having a single enemy, yet if my character to you has been blackened by any base insinuation, you will at least have the generosity to suffer me to defend myself. I wait in the greatest suspense for an audience with you; in the mean time,

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obliged servant,

CLARENDON LAUDON.

TO MISS FORRESTER.

Little did I think, my dearest Matilda, after the serene day we spent yesterday, that such a storm would close the end of it. Oh! Matilda, my love, my wife, I am by your father forbidden his house. What villain can have thus ruined my character, I know not. I take Heaven to witness, I know of no action of which I am ashamed. Oh, Matilda! I am distracted! I must see you. Adieu!

The Frantic LAUDON.

TO MRS. FORRESTER.

My dear Madam,

How shall I apologize to you for being the cause of wretchedness to one to whom I am so much obliged. God knows, I am innocent of crime, more than is common to erring mortals. I will not agonize your heart by entering into my troubles; but I saw your look of pity last night. Soften, I beseech you, the anger of Mr. Forrester in our favour, and pardon the incoherency of

LAUDON.

(To be continued.)

Letter from a Spanish Officer in London to his Aunt, a lady of rank, in Madrid, depicting the Manners and Character of the Women of England.

My dear Donna Mencia,

You seem unusually desirous to be informed of the character of the English women, whose beauty and good qualities are as much vaunted in the peninsula as the valor and discipline of their troops; yet,

notwithstanding I have now had every opportunity, I know not whether it is in my power to gratify your curiosity.

In truth, my illustrious relation, you have imposed on me, who am ever most voluntarily obedient to your commands, in this single instance, the most arduous task I ever yet attempted.

Give me, say you, a faithful delineation of an English lady! You could not have suggested a topic so various and intricate—a subject much more congenial with the garrulity of a Parisian, than the taciturnity of a Castilian: however, I will at least attempt an outline of this formidable subject, relying on much travel having made me loquacious, and the consciousness of an earnest disposition to oblige one for whom I have so friendly an esteem.

You may form some idea of the difficulties of my undertaking, when I tell you, that the complex character of the English women involves in itself all that is characteristic of females in every climate and country I have yet seen; and, this island excepted, you know I have nearly visited them all, from east to west,—from China to Brazil.

The labors of a Linnaeus would be inadequate to the arrangement of all their various classes and species, though there certainly exists a genus, or nationality, of character; yet, unlike all other countries, instead of being common to the majority, it is there confined to a few.

I have before observed to you, that every thing in England is of the composite order—their language, their manners, their laws, and their constitution—but most especially so, are the manners of their women. In all respects, I regard this island as an epitome of the universe, and abridgement of the world. Virgil described the British by the single circumstance of their being divided from the orb of earth; to which I shall take the liberty of adding, that, in this separate globule of Great

Britain, the whole of that globe is reflected and condensed, like the human countenance in the apple of the eye. Even the soil of the country presents miniature specimens of the various aspects of every other part of the earth. Their extensive commercial intercourse, which exceeds all conception, has imported into the British dominions, with the merchandize, the manners of each of the various countries of the world. To this source I attribute much of that variety of nature, if I may be allowed the expression, so visible in English women—a source which is greatly fertilized by a general love of affectation. I would say, that this proneness to imitation—this affectation, is the peculiar vice of the ladies of England—a vice the more odious, as none can have less reason to adopt it's airs. Yet as their language, which is confessedly a compound of all others both living and dead, is said to have united the beauties of each, so very frequently have the British fair blended in their persons all the excellencies of other nations. I have seen them invested with the reserved dignity of the Spaniard, without her contumelious *hauteur*; the frank vivacity of the French woman, without her frivolous levity; and the tender softness of the Italian, without her enervating languor.

The mixed essence of their political constitution also is not without its effect in influencing the character of this people. The same spirit which in England converts a peer into a coachman, and can exalt a plebeian to the highest offices of state, directs, in another way, the bias of female manners in this empire. It disseminates what are in some states, the exclusive advantages of rank, among the inferior orders of the community; and infects the nobility with the vulgarisms of the *canaille*. Sometimes, indeed, females of different degrees of society seem altogether to have changed situations; and I have frequently seen titled ladies, of rustic and awkward appearance and vulgar manners, descend from carriages,

in their visits to the shops of this extraordinary metropolis, where they have been waited on, and served by genteel young women, who, in spite of their humble station, have displayed the most agreeable address and graceful demeanor—so much so, that the reality of life has seemed to me to be merely the masquerade of the carnival.† I suspect that this arises from the circumstance of birth and fortune being considered here, too often, an ample apology for the absence of other recommendations.

I have been afforded the opportunity of making this remark through the medium of a practice, very general among the ladies here, of visiting the various parts of the town, during the morning, for the purpose of making purchases, which is termed shopping; and thus even fashion itself is rendered subservient to the grand object of this country, Commerce. This custom occupies the attention here as universally as matin devotions with our Donzellas in Spain, who would be surprised at the general desertion of places of worship which prevails in England, during six days of the seven; where, though they boast of setting apart one whole day for the observance of religious duties, a Spaniard would be more prone to remark, that they set apart religion altogether for six. Were it not for this, therefore, and another custom of paying and receiving formal visits of cold compliment, the winter morning would hang but heavily on the hands of a mere woman of fashion, who would otherwise, perhaps, be under the necessity of expunging that portion of the day from her existence by sleep.

Mixed evening parties, of which the English are particularly fond, are the most trifling and insipid sources of entertainment you can imagine, totally unlike the *petits soupés* of the French; and, considering the real character

† It is very clear, that Don Ignacio has not resided long enough among us, to discriminate between civility and an air of fashion.

of the people of England, a dearth of rational entertainment pervades them which is altogether surprising.

This letter is of too great length for the present number, therefore we shall defer the remainder till our next.

THE MISANTHROPE,

A TALE

BY R. PORTER.

"Seldom he smil'd, and smil'd in such a sort,

"As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,

"That could be mov'd to smile at any thing."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE thunder roared, the lightning gleamed awfully terrific, and disclosed to Antonio the horrors of his situation: followed only by one attendant, he found himself in the midst of a thick wood; his horse stumbling at every step, and drenched to the skin by the rain which fell in torrents; yet the dreadful roaring of the thunder, and all the concomitant horrors which surrounded him, could scarcely divert his thoughts from the contemplation of his own miseries. At every turn, he expected to meet with banditti, with which this forest was infested, and he at last found himself obliged to stop his horse, and consult with his servant upon the most proper method of proceeding. At this juncture, a loud groan was heard to proceed from the right. "Good heaven!" said Antonio, "did you hear any thing?" "Yes, I heard a groan," answered the servant; "Heaven grant that we may get

safely out of this dreadful place." A continued flashing of the lightning now disclosed the body of a man laying by the side of the road; Antonio ordered his servant to alight, and they raised the stranger from the ground. "Who are you?" enquired Antonio.—A sullen silence succeeded. The question was repeated. "Wretches, can ye not let me die in peace," grumbled a voice. "We are your friends, and would assist you; and having lost our way, are in search of shelter for the night," said Lawrence. "Then seek it still, and leave me to perish," said the stranger. Surprised at the uncouthness of his manner, they raised him upon his feet. "There, thank you; you may go now," said he. "Will you not then direct us to some house where we may pass the night?" "As you have been so kind as to assist me, you may for once share my cottage." He walked on; they silently followed. What will be the end of this adventure? thought Antonio to himself.

On their way, the stranger relaxed a little from his moroseness, and informed them, that for the last twenty years he had lived in solitude in the wood; that he was expected to be extremely rich, and, upon that supposition, some villains had knocked him down, and, having robbed him, left him for dead.

They soon reached a little white-washed cottage; the stranger knocked; a voice from within exclaimed, "The word?" "Secresy," was the answer, and the door was instantly opened by an old man, who, when he perceived so large a company, started back with surprise. "Take care of these horses, James," said the stranger. "Gentlemen, walk in; what I have, you are welcome to." They entered the house; an air of neatness was spread over the whole; on a table were placed cold meats, with a few roasted potatoes, and a comfortable fire blazed in the chimney. "This is a fare you are unaccustomed to; but if you can eat of it, be seated," said their host; they did as they were desired; and, for the first time, the master and

servant seated themselves at the same table, and eat of the same food. The stranger eat but little; and during the repast, surveyed his guests with the most scrutinizing attention: after supper they seated themselves round the fire, and the recluse, to their great surprise, addressed them in the following words:

"I perceive, Signor," addressing himself to Antonio, "you are surprised to see a man at my age, immuring himself in the recesses of the forest; but when you have heard the reasons which have induced me to this measure, I doubt not but your astonishment will cease: I am the son of a wealthy nobleman, named Don Leandro Alvarez; the period of my boyhood, till I reached the age of eighteen, I spent in study; from which I was called by the death of my father. Young as I was, and inexperienced in the ways of the world, it was no wonder that I fell a prey to young men, who enticed me from the path of rectitude to the haunts of vice, in order to enjoy themselves the riches of which I was possessed. With a liberal hand, I threw away the wealth which my father left me; and as far as I was able tasted of what is styled pleasure to its utmost extent; but, alas! I found it led to pain; a midnight revel, or a debauch, was always followed by sickness and disgust; and conscience, in calmer moments, never failed to accuse me of wickedness, and urge me to return to peace, and my old habits of innocence and retirement; I will find a sincere friend, and return again to my country mansion with him; where we will enjoy the pleasures of rational amusements, thought I; we will leave these scenes of riot and voluptuousness, where, in the disguise of pleasure, is concealed pain and disappointment, and try the more calm and moderate pleasures of a country life.

A young man named Mercutio, and myself, had for some time been intimate friends; he, as well as myself, was tired of continual scenes of dissipation; and willingly accompanied me to my country residence; here, for a

time, we enjoyed those exquisite pleasures which proceed from a similarity of sentiment ; here we found true delight in rural walks and rational conversation, which might be denominated

“The feast of reason, and the flow of soul ;”

But, alas ! such a delightful calm could not long continue ; and I now proceed to tell you the cause which destroyed this blissful illusion ; and at once cut off my hopes of happiness in this world. One of my tenants had a daughter, Eleonora, lovely as the day ; I loved her ; would have married her ; she returned my passion as much as I could desire ; in short, a day was appointed for our nuptials.

A few days before my intended marriage, I was obliged to leave home on indispensable business ; which would detain me all night. With an aching heart, though for so short a time, I took leave of Eleonora and my friend, who seemed to part from me with extreme regret. “Take care of yourself, my dear Leandro,” said he, “remember, Eleonora and myself are part of your own existence ; if evil befalls you, we shall also suffer with you.” Happy that I possessed a friend so dear and full of tender sensations, on account of the good natured anxiety he expressed for my safety, I commenced my journey ; I had not proceeded ten miles from home, when, riding upon a very rugged road, my horse fell, and lacerated himself in such a manner as made him entirely unable to continue his journey. I could not procure another any nearer than our own village, and having got the creature at length upon his legs, I leisurely took my way back again. In the evening, I reached my own house, and, weary and tired as I was, hurried on the wings of love to visit my Eleonora. As usual, I entered the house without ceremony ; the door of the little parlour was half open ; I heard my friend, Mercutio's voice ; I caught the words “Eternal constancy !” I hesitated, and heard, “O Signor,

could a Spaniard calmly bear it?" I heard my perfidious friend offer to carry her off from her tormentor, as he called me; she confessed she never loved me, and agreed to his proposal; a kiss sealed the contract; I could bear it no longer; drawing my sword, I rushed into the room: Cursed dissembler! exclaimed I, take the reward of thy duplicity; my sword pierced his heart; and thou too, perfidious woman, take thy reward,—the stings of never-dying conscience;—so saying I rushed from the house, and with one only attendant reared this lowly cot. I have for ever bid adieu to the world, nor shall any argument restore me to society.

Mr. Editor,

Should the following extracts from MR. SOUTHEY'S OMNIANA suit your work, their insertion will oblige

CAROLINE.

BISHOP KENN.

OF BISHOP KENN, Mrs. Berkeley has preserved some interesting anecdotes: they come on good authority; for Shotesbrook, the house of her grandfather, Mr. Cherry, was a second home to the Bishop. "When Charles II. went down to Winchester with his Court, the house of Dr. Kenn was destined to be the residence of Mrs. Gwynne: the good little man declared she should not be under his roof; he was steady as a rock. The intelligence was carried to the king, who said, Well then, Nell must take a lodging in the city. All the court divines, &c. were shocked at Dr. Kenn's strange conduct, saying, he had ruined his fortune, and would never rise in the church: some months after, the Bishopric of Bath and Wells becoming vacant, the Minister, &c. recommended (as is usual, I suppose) some *learned, pious* divines; to

which the King answered, No, none of them shall have it, I assure you. What is the name of that little man at Winchester that would not let Nell Gwynne lodge at his house? Dr. Kenn, please your Majesty. Well, he shall have it then: I resolved that he should have the first Bishopric that fell, if it had been Canterbury.—Just after the deprivation of the Bishops, a gentleman meeting Bishop Kenn, began condoling with his Lordship, to which he merrily replied, God bless you, my friend; do not pity me now, “my father lived before me; he was an honest farmer, and left me twenty pounds a year, thank God.” The Bishop every morning made a vow that he would not marry *that* day. Mr. Cherry used frequently, on his entering the breakfast room, to say “Well, my good lord, is the resolution made this morning?” “Oh yes, Sir, long ago.”

He shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on his left. Mat. XXV. 33.

Because the Latin text says *oves*, instead of *arietes*, Vieyra takes it for granted, that ewes are meant, not rams; and explains it by affirming, that more women than men are to be saved: this he proves, not only by the text in question, but also by the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, in which as many entered as were excluded; whereas, when men are spoken of as bidden to the marriage feast, it is written, “that many are called, but few are chosen.” In addition to these authorities, he quotes S. Teresa, who affirms, both from her own knowledge, and that of the blessed Fr. Pedro de Alcantara, that the Lord imparts his favours to many more women than men; thus, he adds, we see in the lives of the Saints that females are much more the darlings of God, and much more regarded by him, and the reason may be because the holiest of all pure creatures was a woman.

But besides this, he says, there are many other strong reasons among Christians. Women usually die with all the sacraments, which does not happen to men, of whom so many thousands finish without confession; in war, in shipwreck, in quarrels, in duels, &c. they have less occasion of damnation, for they are neither judges, nor advocates, nor presidents, nor ministers of Kings; neither are they bishops, nor priests; property, in the ordinary course of things, seldom passes through their hands; finally, they are so free from occasion to offend God, that they who go to hell deserve double punishment there. That devout sex will acquit him of all flattery when they hear the conclusion of his argument. More frequently than men, he says, they may be saved, by reason of invincible ignorance, because they have less understanding, they have less malice; and being weaker vessels, they move divine mercy the more to compassion.

Tirante le Blanco has also some curious reasons, theological and physical, why women are better than men; because, says this strangest of all the knights of romance, Christ after his resurrection appeared to Mary Magdalen before he appeared to the Apostles, because God made man of clay, but woman of man's rib; and because, if a woman washes her hands thrice successively, the second water remains unsoiled; whereas, let a man wash in fifty waters, the last will be always sullied; proof of his impure origin, his flesh being of the earth earthy, hers, as it were, of double refined materials.

Italian Translation.

ON DOGS.

SIR Thomas Roe took out some English mastives to India, as a present for the Great Mogul; they were of marvellous courage: one of them leapt overboard to attack a shoal of porpoises, and was lost; only two of them lived to reach India: they travelled each in a little coach to

Agra; one broke loose by the way, fell upon a large elephant, and fastened on his trunk; the elephant at last succeeded in hurling him off. This story delighted the Mogul, and these dogs in consequence came to as extraordinary a fortune as Whittington's cat; each had a palanquin to take the air in, with two attendants to bear him, and two more to walk on each side, and fan off the flies; and the Mogul had a pair of silver tongs made, that he might, when he pleased, feed them with his own hands.

There was a Newfoundland dog on board the *Bellona*, last war, who kept the deck during the battle of Copenhagen, running backward and forward with so brave an anger, that he became a greater favourite with the men than ever: when the ship was paid off, after the peace of Amiens, the sailors had a parting dinner on shore; Victor was placed in the chair, and fed with roast beef and plumb pudding, and the bill was made out in Victor's name: he was so called after his original master, who was no less a personage than Victor Hughes.

HOW TO BECOME A POET.

Take a considerable quantity of notes of admiration and interrogation; several long dashes; a mysterious blank for a lady's name; a great many interjections of the families of the Oh's! Ah's! Alas's! &c. a few flames, but do not let them be too hot; half a dozen darts, and as many hearts, transfixed of course; and as for dears and sweets, do not spare them. Use the word *love* as often as may be, never forgetting that the word *grove* is a pretty and appropriate rhyme for it. By mixing these ingredients properly, and by varying their situations judiciously, any grown gentleman may entertain rather more than a hope of becoming a favourite of Apollo.

N. B. Always remember that lips are either rubies or cherries, and sometimes coral; the cheek invariably a

rose; the circumjacent white a lily; the neck generally ivory; and the bosom, if the lady be unkind, must, without doubt, be snow; a sloe will do for the eyes, if they are black; but as the poet will not always be able to get near enough to be certain as to colour, and as he may be near sighted, it will be better to speak of their glances, and the danger to the lover that lurks in the ambush of their silken lids.

TABITHA TAG.

MUSICAL MEMORANDA.

(Continued from page 321.)

BARBELLA EMANUEL, of Naples.—It would be unjust not to bestow a few words on this pleasing and peculiar player on the violin of the old school. The father of this singular, but worthy and inoffensive character, was an eminent performer on the violin, and Leader of the Opera Band at Naples, in the beginning of the last century, during the life of Correlli, when his scholar, Geminiani, arrived in that city from Rome. On the first hearing of the younger Barbella, he surprised no one who had heard Giardini, and other famous violinists of the new school. He was not young, indeed, when the parallel was drawn, and solo-playing was disregarded at Naples, where vocal composition and singing were chiefly cultivated in the conservatories, and patronized by the public; so that teaching and orchestra playing were Barbella's chief employment and support; and for the latter he was ill qualified by the softness of his tone, and the shortness of his bow. He performed, however, most admirably the famous Neapolitan air, which the common people constantly play at Christmas to the Virgin. Barbella executed it with a drone kind of bag-pipe base, in a very humorous,

though delicate manner. But, as a solo-player, though his tone was very even and sweet, it was somewhat languid, and inferior in force to that of Nardini, of the same school, and indeed to that of several others then in Italy; but he knew music well, had much fancy in his compositions, with a tincture of not disagreeable madness. He was most remarkable for his sweet and insinuating manner of playing Calabrese, Loccese and Neapolitan airs, and among the rest a humorous piece composed by himself, which he calls *Tinna Nonna*; it is a nursery tune, or *Lullaby*, excellent in its way, and, with his expression, was extremely captivating. Barbella was the most obliging and best natured of mortals, his temper has been said to be as soft and sweet as the tone of his violin. In a correspondence with the author of this article, who had requested of him an account of the Neapolitan school of music, and above all of his own studies, as his answer concerning himself was short and characteristic, we shall here insert a translation of it:—"Emanuele Barbella had the violin placed in his hand, when he was only six years and a half old, by his father Francesco Barbella. After his father's decease, he took lessons of Angelo Zaga, till the arrival of Pasquilino Bini, a scholar of Tartini, in Naples, under whom he studied for a considerable time, and then worked by himself. His first instructor in counterpoint was Michele Gabbalone, but, this master dying, he studied composition under the instructions of Leo, till the time of his death, and pleasantly adds, *Non per questo Barbella è un vero asino che non sa niente**." This modest and ingenious musician, and true follower of Tartini's principles, died at Naples, 1773; his worthy disciple, Signor Raimondi, with more force in public, has the same sweetness of tone and temper in private.

BARBIER, Mrs. first appeared as a new English singer on the revival of the Opera of *Almahide*, in 1711, while

* Yet, notwithstanding these advantages, Barbella is a mere ass, who knows nothing.

questions were asked in Italian, and answered in English, and *à contra*. Her timidity on first appearing on the stage, gave birth to an admirable Spectator (No. 131), in which Mr. Addison apologises for, and commends diffidence and modesty with sympathetic zeal and sensibility: it is well known that this excellent writer, with all his learning and abilities, was never able to speak in public, when he was Secretary of State, and in Parliament, long after this paper was written; and here, by a kind of precognition, he extenuates his fault before it was committed. With respect to Mrs. Barbier's distress, on her first facing an audience on the stage, Mr. Addison has put it in the most amiable light possible. "This sudden desertion of one's self," says he, "shews a diffidence which is not displeasing; it implies, at the same time, the greatest respect to an audience that can be; it is a sort of mute eloquence, which pleads for their favour much better than words can do,—and we find their generosity naturally moved to support those who are in so much perplexity to entertain them. I was extremely pleased," continues he, "with a late instance of this kind, at the Opera of *Almahide*, in the encouragement given to a young singer, whose more than ordinary concern on her first appearance, recommended her no less than her agreeable voice and just performance." This lady was a native of England, who continued to sing at the Opera several years, and afterwards was a favourite concert and play-house singer, till the year 1729. In the year 1717, it seems as if she had a little vanquished her bashfulness in private, however it may have incommoded her in public, for she had mustered courage sufficient to elope from her father's house with a person that was *suspected* to be of a different sex. Mr. Hughes wrote some pleasant verses on this occasion.

BARSANTI FRANCISCO, a native of Lucca, born about the year 1690, studied the civil law in the university of Padua, but, after a short residence there, he chose music

for his profession : with this view, he placed himself under the tuition of some of the ablest masters in Italy, and having obtained a considerable knowledge both in the practice and theory of the art, he determined to settle in England, and came hither with Geminiani, who was also a Lucchese, in the year 1714. He was a good performer on the hautbois when he first came over, and also on the flute ; as a hautbois player, he found employment in the Opera band, and derived considerable profit from teaching the flute. He published, with a dedication to the Earl of Burlington, six solos for a flute, with a thorough base ; and afterward six solos for a german flute and base. He also formed into sonatas for two violins and a base, the first six solos of Geminiano. He continued many years performer at the Opera house ; at length, having encouragement to remove to Scotland, he went thither ; and it may be said of him with greater truth than of David Rizzio, that he meliorated the music of that country by collecting and making bases to a great number of the most popular Scots tunes. About the year 1750, Barsanti returned to London ; but being advanced in years, he was glad to be again employed in the Opera band as a performer on the tenor violin, and in the summer season in that of Vauxhall. At this time, he published twelve concertos for violins ; and soon after *Sci Antifone* ; in which he endeavoured to imitate Palestrina and the old ecclesiastical composers ; but the profits arising from these publications were so small, that the sale did not cover the expence of printing them. Barsanti was an excellent harmonist ; but his productions were dry and fanciless ; he acquired small sums by correcting the productions of young composers, and making bases to those of old pretenders to counterpoint ; but, towards the end of his life, he subsisted chiefly by the industry and economy of an excellent wife, whom he had married in Scotland, and the studies and talents of a worthy and ingenious daughter, who, with the most promising voice and dis-

position for music, had been bound apprentice to a master, who had undertaken to prepare her for a public singer, and with whom she had vanquished all the difficulties of the art in point of execution; but she totally lost her singing voice on going to Oxford to perform at a choral meeting by sickness in a stage coach; and never being able afterwards to sing, she was engaged by Colman as a comic actress at his theatre in the Haymarket; and having a great fund of natural humour, and a good figure, acquired great applause.

The winter afterward, she went to Ireland, and became a favorite actress in humorous parts; and at length was married to Mr. Daly, the manager of the Dublin theatre, but died soon after, to the great regret of all who knew her.

(To be continued.)

SECOND LOVE;

A TALE.

(Continued from page 309.)

HOWEVER, Don Torsedillas de Talavera still amused himself with enquiring after his old *chere amie*, the Donna Rosalva; it was evident that almost every painful sensation he had cherished toward her had subsided; he did indeed often talk of what he had suffered to her sister; but it was in the same manner that a man converses on some danger which he has escaped, or some dangerous illness that he has been released from, in order that he may cherish his present happy situation, and revel in the contrast: if he did sometimes indulge an idea of happiness with his first love, the enchanting smile of Seraphina, a certain look from a pair of laughing black eyes, quickly

banished the idea; and it usually ended with a mutual laugh at his past despondency, and his future resolutions; the former of which, Seraphina had no cause to doubt, but the latter did not gain her implicit credence.

Each day, Seraphina's morning lounge was visited by Don Torsedillas; his color again visited his cheeks; his mustaches assumed the appearance of well curled trimness; his hat was again turned with a smarter air, and his white feathers were tipped, as a tribute to friendship, with the color which Seraphina said best suited his complexion; again he walked like a man who treads on air, he visited sometimes alone, at others with his friend, the Prado, the Conversazione, and La Posada de los Representantes.* Yes, he cried, my dear Seraphina, it is friendship's sweet and holy balm that can alone impart to mortals happiness unalloyed; it has all the luxurious sentiment of love, without its pains; seated by thee, enjoying thy converse, I want nothing else. Adieu, my friend, another night is arrived; I leave you but till to-morrow; he then kissed her hand, and departed.

Without at all deducting from the merits of Donna Rosalva, Donna Seraphina, her younger sister, was a much more dangerous subject for the peace of the susceptible heart of Talavera; the latter possessed all that tenderness of heart, that warmth of enthusiasm, which a young girl, just let loose from a convent, is naturally supposed to feel; she had not, as yet, mixed with the world, and she had taken those sentiments of right and wrong into her heart which her confessor, her brother, or sister, had informed her were most proper. From her aunt, she often heard of the most horrible cruelties inflicted by the inquisition on renegadoes from the catholic church, and by this relation she was instilled in all the doctrines, even in sublunary things, of non-resistance, and passive obedience. The want of a proper reliance

* Or theatre.

on herself, her fear of offending, rendered her society particularly mischievous to the resolutions formed by Don Torsedillas de Talavera; doubtless, as his opinions were less hostile to heretical, or dogmatical opinions, they appeared to her to be more liberal; as the man who continually talks of the beauty of virtue, may be more esteemed than a rude professor of it, who acts without talking of its good qualities.

Blinded then by mutual intercourse of friendship, they indulged in a thousand pleasures which, had love crept into the bosom, reserve on one side would have blunted. "And is it then quite impossible," said Seraphina, "to own a second passion for one of the other sex?" "Totally so," as I conceive, returned Don Torsedillas; "at least I speak with regard to my own feelings."—"And you mean to remain in this opinion?" "Certainly." "You were in love once, and I shall live to see you once more a victim to the tender passion." Don Torsedillas smiled; he was laying at length on a couch tuning Seraphina's guitar, the conversation on love was suspended by the twanging he made on the wires of the instrument. Provoking, said Seraphina, you just begin to make one pleased with an air; you then stop; either talk to me, or play to me, and, while I string these beads, give me the air which your friend, the Marquis de Marrialva, used to sing under the window of his cousin, Donna Helena de Campados; and she, you know, was his third attachment. That man never loved any one but himself, Seraphina, said Don Torsedillas, as he ran over a prelude; and then began

THE SERENADE.

Ah! canst thou ask why oft my eyes

Are bath'd with moisten'd dew?

Or that my voice, now check'd by sighs,

Would faintly sing of you?

Hast thou not felt this throbbing heart

Beat, quicken'd by thy side;

Yet would not bid the trembler rest,

But leave these lips to chide?

Have not these cheeks a hectic glow,
Which thy lov'd voice can paint?
Canst thou delight to see my woe,
Or glow with anguish faint;
Yet not relieve, but aid my pain,
Abuse your sovereign sway;
And while I bear your cool disdain,
With love consume away?

A pause of some length of silence followed; Seraphina threw her eyes on the ground; the colour came into her cheeks ever and anon; and as Don Talavera drew near her, she evidently became more confused; he stooped over her chair, and, touching her cheek with his lips, raised the girlish indignation of Seraphina, who, bursting into tears, gave him a look of reproof, and quitted the room hastily, suffused with blushes.

Holy St. Francis, cried Don Torsedillas, left to himself, what can be the matter with me? Busy heart, lay still; he threw up the window, and entered the viranda for air; but he was not a whit more satisfied: strange ideas entered his head; Seraphina was not visible the rest of the day; and, after taking himself severely to task, after examining his heart, and finding to his great joy it was yet quite uninjured, he resolved, on the morrow, to visit his old friend, Don Truxillo, a licentiate of Salamanca: he retired to his couch, and enjoyed a second repose.

(*To be continued.*)

PENNY POST LETTERS.

The penny post, which was abolished in 1801, was created in 1683, by a Mr. David Murray, an upholder, in Patefnoster-row. It soon became an object of attention to government; but so low were its profits, that Dockwra, who succeeded Murray, had a pension of only 200*l.* a year given him in lieu of it. This occurred in 1716.

THE GOSSIPER.

NO. XIX.

"At church, with meek and unaffected grace,

"His looks adorn the venerable place."

GOLDSMITH.

HOWEVER proper some persons may think it to hold up the good conduct of Calvinistical Ministers, in opposition to those of the established church, yet I cannot help thinking, that the purity of the lives of the former is more the result of local causes, than a superior feeling as to the importance of their missions, or a higher sense of sanctity. A dissenting clergyman from our church knows, that all his pecuniary resources must depend only upon the practice of what he teaches from his pulpit; for the regular church preferment he has renounced. The disciple of a Hill, or a Huntingdon, is well aware that the lanker his cheeks be, and the straighter his locks are, so much the more will he be thought by his followers to resemble the primitive saints and martyrs; that the more he prays, and the louder he sings, will his character be raised; and while he does this, and only while he does this fervently, will his congregation be inclined to give him that substantial food, which, though he condemns our bishops for indulging in, he himself does not altogether despise.

Bred up in some obscure village, or garret, a stranger to the delights of refined society, the *dissenting* preacher gains no elegant desires; he knows no music but what his conventicle affords him, and could his needy followers spare him the inebriating cup, it would only confuse that brain, used to weaker matter, and instead of provoking scintillations of genius, would only lull him into somni-

ferous imbecillity; the younger females of his congregation, if tolerably handsome, call up no aids of art, or complaisance, to strengthen their charms; and he can cry aloud, and cease not—"Beware of the strange woman."

Sorry am I to confess, that the clergyman of the Church of England has no such stimulation to virtuous conduct; if he wishes to rise in his profession, it is too often that he is beholden to the slackness of his principles, or to his companionable qualities. Will his wealthy patron befriend him who would chace merriment from his table, by crying out continually—"Flee from the wrath to come?" Would the Sunday card party put up with such a destroyer of their pleasures, such a *memento mori* to their joys? No, such a man, if he is aware of the pecuniary importance of his profession, must have eyes, but see not; ears, but hear not; the more convivial he is, the greater will be the number of his friends; and, provided he outrages no rules of politeness in his cups, perhaps he will more readily arrive at a bishopric. This puppet to many of the rich and great, will be more patronised for being "a jolly fellow," and "not a bit of the parson about him," than if he acts and preaches the dictates of a good conscience. He may rail at vices, he may anathematise the daring crimes of the age, in the country, as some poor curate, for forty pounds a year, but who will mind him? Unnoticed by the churchwarden, or attorney, the poor will despise him; when he gathers the paltry tythe, the mercenary will curse him; and "in vain he crieth aloud, for wisdom is not at the gate." The puritan may be a good liver; the established clerk will be a *bon vivant*. I do not affirm this to be always the case; but I appeal to my readers, if what I have said is not so too often.

At a large county meeting, some time since, when the cloth was removed, and the glass had a little circulated, the clergymen present were, of course, to be quizzed; a *Gentleman*, whom I understand is celebrated for *hoaxing* a parson, proposed to his friends a bet, "a rump and

dozen," that neither of the learned Gentlemen at table had a bible about them; the bet was taken, the demand was made, but no such book found. In vain they alleged the size of the volume, nay the impiety of bringing one to such a place; the laugh was of course against them, for the proposer of this good joke began the first peal; this having ceased, flushed with his success, he proposed another; "Done," said his friend, when he heard it, of *course*, for the first time. "I will wager the same bet, that not one of these Gentlemen here present but has a cork-screw in his pocket." Each, it is true, produced one, and again the laughter was revived, and yet louder. The proposer of the bet was the squire, possessed of some clerical promotion, and the seconder, a holder of extensive college lands; the clergymen, all men with large families, some doing duty for three churches, for which one hundred pounds a year was thought ample recompense; and they had not the fortitude to court poverty.

Now supposing this facetious story, told me as a truism, be correct, what does it prove? purely that every man is most inclined to carry that about him from which he can derive the greatest use, and that a cork-screw is more portable than a bible.

Let not then our clergy be doomed to penury, or to sit patiently the profane joke; let the labourer be paid the worth of his hire; when they meet, with the Calvinist, encouragement to holiness of life, and expect, with him, promotion consonant only with the discharge of the religious duties,—and they will all endeavour to deserve it.

Happy are those teachers whose patrons know how to respect themselves, their country, and their religion. May our churches be filled with pious hearers, to encourage the man of God in his labour; and may he, with the deceased Porteus, and the living Andrews, hold up an example to be copied, and leave a memory to be respected.

C.

Mr. GOSSIPER,

I am a man fond of society, and like, after the fatigues of the day are over, to see my friends happy around me. As I have been brought up in the old fashioned way, of dining early, I have not time, from the number of my avocations, to enjoy that meal, at which I take but little, but have been used to look forward to the time of an early supper, where harmless mirth and refreshment add to the vivacity of my wife, and to the smiles of my children; once we laughed, we joked, and sung our songs; but, sir, all this is now over; the hardness of times, or perhaps our additional extravagancies in other things, have entirely banished hospitality and comfort from my supper table: our harmony was first disturbed by the marriage of my daughter to a gentleman of small fortune; I did indeed give the girl my consent, for I thought her happiness at stake, but not my approbation. Every thing in their house, sir, is chilly and comfortless; and this new style of decoration is adopted also at our own. As he gives a dinner party once a month to his friends, he is obliged to save it some way or other; and a thousand delicacies, taken away untouched, are to be paid for by the absence of wine on his sideboard, or the white supper-cloth on his table. When I visit them in an evening, it is to what they call a tea and turn out party; that is, we meet at seven, mandling our inside with chill'd tea; say all the illnated things we can; join a parcel of old maids at a card table, who, when they lose their money, lose their temper also; at ten, we all are huddled off, after perhaps being honored with half a glass of port wine, a part of that which has been well jolted in a cellaret drawer for twenty times a day four weeks since the last party was given. In compliment to papa, he is sometimes whispered to stop; that is, if they have more bad meat in the house than they can well dispose of; it is then passed off, under cover of two bits of bread, which you know is called a Sandwich; and this I take down amid the

genteel stare of my son and daughter, who wonder how I can eat *suppers*; my daughter dares not partake, if she would; the ungentility of the thing would shock her husband. The first week indeed that she was married, I did hope old times were coming round again; she made me what was very good; she called it, I think, a *bishop*; and I ventured to ask for a song; which used to be my delight.

Sir, I have been intimate with Beard; sung with Du Bellamy, old Charles Bannister, and Rheinold: they have delighted my heart; and though I have heard better singing, and heard good words, that's more than you do now. I never had any objection, but loved merriment of my own creating; if Mr. Hobson sung a bad song, Mr. Jobson, whose turn was next, sung a good one; and though my daughter did not beat their music master, and attended to the domestic concerns, yet many a Scotch ballad of their singing has brought tears of pleasure into my eyes, for I loved them all. But if I ask now in my own family for a song, Mr. Johnson has a cold, Miss Simper never sings without music, Mrs. Screacher only sings Italian, and my clerk, who is often of our party, sings, What? the words may be good, but his pronunciation is no more distinct than the thrum of a Jew's harp.

Thus, sir, have my evening enjoyments fled, my daughter sits moping by the fire, while I ruminate over my solitary glass on the foolishness of those people who sacrifice their real comforts to their extravagancies. If then, sir, you can find out any gentleman like myself, who has a regard for rational conviviality, I will give up sitting at home of an evening, which I have done for these fifteen years, and join him in a glass of punch to drink success to the renewal of old times.

I am,

Your's, if you insert this,

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Cheerless Row, Edmonton.

MR. GOSSIPER,

As in your well conducted miscellany, you are very properly an advocate for order and propriety, allow me, through you, to suggest the removal of one gross violation of decency, which I have observed in too many of our churches: scarcely has the clergyman finished his discourse,—I am sure, before he has concluded his blessing, the noise made by the pew opener in opening the doors, disturbs, if not banishes, all the instructions the preacher has given us. Is it that they do this because, being servants of the church, they think their final removal to heaven is certain? or is it that they fear the baker, who, from the mistaken zeal of some of our religious members of parliament, may detain their dinner, because their time has elapsed in the duty to God, and their prayer must be accompanied with fasting? Either, sir, if this be the case, give the baker another half hour to oblige his pious customers, or let the church service end in time, that deliberation and resolution may strengthen what we have heard.

I am, Sir, your's,

CHARLES LONGMATE.

Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

It is remarkable, that Bailli, the famous Astronomer, and Mayor of Paris, wrote in his early youth the tragedy of *Clotharie*, and in it described the fate of a Mayor of Paris, who perished by a death nearly similiar to his own.

You horrid villain, said one man to another, was not your father a thief, and your mother a receiver of stolen goods? That may be, said the accused, but you can't say they were tailors.

THOUGHTS
ON THE
ADVANTAGES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

How pure, how simple, yet how exalted, are the pleasures of a life of retirement in the country! Freed from the impertinence and folly of the world, and relieved from many of its petty cares, anxieties, and mortifications, the soul exults in the liberty it possesses of pursuing uninterruptedly those elevated views and lofty projects which bear witness to the impress of divinity stamped upon its nature. It is in the virtuous simplicity of a rural life, that those pure and noble principles which gradually conduct us to the highest point of perfection that we are here capable of attaining, acquire their permanence and efficiency. It is there they flourish in all their beauty; it is there they bring forth the living proofs of the sanctity of their origin.

And oh! when in such a situation we regard the glorious works of God, exemplified in the natural world—the huge mountain, rearing its rugged summit to the skies—the mighty ocean—the stupendous cataract,

“The mountain forest tossing to the storm;”

Or, contemplating its less sublime scenery, we gaze, delighted, on the placid surface of the winding stream,—the gently rising hill,—the sheltered beauties of the vale; and from these turn to the tinsel splendour and passing glory of man,—how are we lost in pity and surprise! How utterly contemptible do that glory and that splendour appear! Blind, indeed, are the eyes of mortals to their best and highest interests! That so many thousands, who

have it in their power to adopt a mode of life which might secure their happiness both here and hereafter, should voluntarily devote themselves to the debasing and grovelling pursuits of ambition, or of avarice; or annihilate all the energies of their souls in the pursuit of frivolous pleasures and selfish gratifications, which inevitably entail upon their votaries weariness, disgust, and remorse,—is, indeed, one of those inconsistencies in man, which most strongly mark him a frail and fallen creature. Man is naturally a reflective being. The beauty, the grandeur, the magnificence, of the material world teach him “to look through nature up to nature’s God;” thence he considers his own peculiar and preeminent station in the scale of being; and thence, adoring the beneficence of his Creator, which hath ranked him “but a little lower than the angels,”—his soul embraces the conviction that he was never destined to waste its immortal energies in the emptiness and frivolity of merely human pursuits. Glorifying the mercy of his Saviour and his God, he clasps to his bosom the sacred revelation of his word, and feels that the Being, from whom he hath received the stamp of everlasting life, will not fail hereafter to demand the restoration of his own with interest. If, then, unlike the wicked and slothful servant, he shall not have hidden his talent in the earth, how great will be his transport when his Lord shall say unto him, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

The Gospel of Jesus Christ repeatedly and explicitly enjoins a life of watchfulness and prayer on all those who would obtain the blessing of God on their humble endeavours to attain Christian perfection. Yet, how are we to watch and pray? how are we to enter into the solitude of our own hearts, in order to learn what are our necessities and wants? how are we to acquire that freedom of spirit, and that disengagement from the entanglements and af-

fections of the world, without which we cannot number among those with whom "My father and I," saith Jesus Christ, "we will come in unto them, and will make our abode with them;" how are we to do these things amid the hurry, the confusion, the distractions, and interruptions, inseparable from a residence in the dissipated scenes of life?

Oh, no! in vain shall we seek, among the worshippers of the world, the votaries of Mammon, of pleasure, and of ambition, for that rational and exalted piety, that boundless charity, and that purity of heart, which belongeth but to the humble and self-denying disciple of Christ. Where, then, shall we seek them? Where, but among those whose enlightened sense of the duty they owe to their God, to their fellow-creatures, and to themselves, hath taught them to regard with the eye of indifference, or rather of abhorrence, every thing that tends to limit their affections, and to bound their views, within the narrow precincts of this sublunary sphere; and who, therefore, estimating at their just value the things of time, gladly seek, in a life of retirement, security from their baneful delusions.

Such were Eugenio and Emilia. Although the children of affluence, and early introduced to the circles of fashion and of splendour, their superior and truly aspiring minds soon led them to despise what is idly termed a life of pleasure; and to seek, in the stillness of rural seclusion, a refuge from its absurdities and prejudices. They were well aware that happiness loves the calm of retirement; that it is a tranquil, though an exalted feeling; and is never known amid the tumultuous scenes of the world. Devotion to their God, and benevolence towards their fellow-creatures, regulated every action of their lives. Their devotion, sanctioned by reason, sprang warm from the heart;—their benevolence, the offspring of that devotion, was the habitual feeling of genuine philanthropy.

As they deemed self-examination and self-denial the

indispensable duties of every Christian, selfishness, the exhaustless spring of vice, had no place in their bosoms. Convinced of the misery and danger that result from suffering that hydra of the soul to assume an ascendancy in the breast, their prayers to the Throne of Grace, for ability to subdue it under all its various forms, were unceasing,—and those prayers were not disregarded. So effectually did they apply these noble principles to practice, that descending into all the minutiae of life, they would have felt as little reluctance in plunging the fatal steel into the bosom of a fellow-creature, as they would in inflicting a wound in the breast of sensibility, for the mere gratification of peevishness, or ill-humour. Every opportunity to promote the welfare and happiness of their fellow-creatures, in however trifling a degree, they embraced with eagerness; and they were equally ready to relieve with their purse the necessities of the poor, and to soothe, by the tenderest and most delicate attentions, the aching breasts of the sons and daughters of affliction. Those intellectual and inexhaustible resources, which form so sure a rampart against the attacks of that canker-worm of happiness, *ennui*, combined with the most exquisite relish for the beauties of nature, rendered them wholly independent of others for their pleasures and enjoyments. Beloved, almost to enthusiasm, the whole neighbourhood regarded them as the ministering angels of heaven; the blessings of the orphan and the widow descended upon them; while the rich and the learned vied with the poor in their testimonies of respect and admiration. Ah! theirs was that simple, rational, and useful life, in which religion, virtue, literature, and the purest friendship, combine to give to man a foretaste of the joys of heaven. It is true they were not exempted from the trials and sufferings incident to humanity; but they knew in whose hands they were; pillowed on the bosom of faith, they resigned themselves to Jesus, and with the cheerfulness of unfeigned submission, bowed down their souls to the chastenings of infinite mercy.

AGNES.

O L I O.

NO. VIII.

"A thing of shreds and patches."

THE Morning Post of Oct. 1812, says, that Rousseau's daughter died in great misery, produced from her depraved conduct in the sale of her charms, &c. Who has she to thank for this but her father, or as we should, in christian charity, say, his mistaken notions?

A brave Irish officer, in the greatest despair, for fear his honor might be doubted from his being wounded in the back, as he was turning round to give the word of command to his men, was thus comforted by a friend. Dont *bodder* yourself about it, Dermot; they only think in the hurry that you put the back part of your coat before.

When the author of Aurelo and Miranda had read his drama in the green room, he observed, that he knew nothing so terrible as reading a piece before so critical an audience. Mrs. Powell, the actress, remarked, that she knew one thing much more terrible. "What can that be?" demanded the author. "To be obliged," said she, "to sit and hear it!" This reply had more of candor in it than politeness.

At Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, in the 77th year of her age, died Mrs. Lewis, midwife; she began practising at the age of 15 years, and, from an account which she kept, she had attended the birth of 6000 infants.

Bell's Messenger for 1812.

The following singular circumstance happened in Holland when the enemy were driven from Camperdown Hills. It is related by a person who was on the spot.—“ I saw a French soldier, one of their infantry, lying dead, having been shot through the breast; a little spaniel, remarkably beautiful, lying by his side. Two of our pioneers coming by, I desired them to take away the dog. It was with difficulty they could catch him, as he ran round about his dead master, and seemed determined not to be separated from him: they at length caught him, and carried him away for above half a mile, and quite out of sight of the dead body; but he got from them by a sudden spring, and ran back again. I had the curiosity to return to see his behaviour. I found him taking hold of the dead soldier's hand, pulling it, and barking incessantly. In this situation I left the poor animal. I was told next morning by a dragoon who came that way, that after the pioneers had buried his master, he had scratched the sand, and made a hole large enough to hold himself, where he continued howling and mourning for the whole day of the 3d, until one man, more cruel, or more kind (I know not which) than the rest, put an end to his existence, by knocking him on the head with the but end of his musquet.”

When a late great Statesman coach stuck in the mud, near Hammersmith, and a servant begged a pickaxe and spade of a countryman to help him out; not I, says the fellow, I am resolved not to meddle in state affairs.

At the free masquerade, which was given on the 13th of January, 1809, at Vienna, in honor of the nuptials of the Archduke Palatine, the following provisions and refreshments were served up; 12 oxen, made into *beef-la-mode* and *bouillon*; 250 pheasants, 300 capons, 320 turkeys, 150 partridges, 130 cold pies, 300 tongues, 150 hams, 100 roast lambs, 200 joints of deer, and 9000

oysters. On each of the three side-boards, there were besides 16 pieces of roast veal, and 8 boars' heads. To all the side-boards there were 50 pails of lemonade and milk of almonds, 16 of bouillon, 800 bottles of essence of punch, and coffee, ices, and confectionary of all kinds in abundance, besides 3000lb. of sugar. The best wines from Hungary, Italy, Austria, and other Imperial provinces, were given in unlimited quantities.

THE MORALIST,

NO. II.

ON THE POWER OF VIRTUE.

Virtue, or *purposed* virtue, still be thine.

YOUNG.

Some men, armed with all the absurdities of sceptical fanaticism, assert, with unblushing effrontery, that virtue is an empty name, the airy dream of some drowsy speculatist, and something rather to be wished for than ever to be found; but the very existence of society at this moment is a most convincing argument that mankind act from a conviction, that the social union is both more pleasing and permanent when founded on the mutual reciprocation of good offices. Did no sterling principles of action influence mankind in their connexion with each other, it would be impossible for society to exist for a single hour; mutual distrust would be engendered, vicious passions would be cherished, and such disorders would prevail in the world, that the representation which a certain gloomy minded philosopher has given of the state of nature, would be found too true. But man is not the vicious and corrupt animal which a dark and comfortless philosophy describes him to be: he is instinctively in-

elined to the cultivation of virtue, he finds it his interest, as well as his happiness, to acquire those dispositions of soul which give prosperity its relish, and deprive adversity of half its power.

How dreary and uncomfortable would life be were those sublime virtues banished from the world which, in arduous situations, have endowed men with a portion of celestial vigor: For our wives and families, for our relations and friends, they enable us to brave every danger. When the standard of tyrannical oppression is furled to crush our liberties, they rouse every generous spirit to bare his bosom in the cause of his country!—I may be answered by some men, that such exertions are dictated by no higher consideration than self interest, or perhaps some baser motive; but when we peruse the faithful page of history, or when we survey with attention the governing principles in our nature, no other cause can be found so efficient as the existence of sound principles in the breast. They are not hostile to that feeling, however, which induces men to use proper measures to secure the prosperity of their own concerns. But banish the amiable virtues from the world, and you would see what dreadful effects it would produce; mankind might seek for themselves a solitary refuge among the dark caves of the mountain, where no human voice would strike upon their ear, and no tender sympathies should bind their hearts; where nothing but the dashing sound of the mountain cataract should disturb them, and the angry commotions of the disordered passions harrow up their soul! But man was formed by his Creator for happiness: and although some irregularities have abridged his peaceful repose; virtue still remains to shed over every hour of life—her peaceful influence; but she must be courted with assiduous care, or she will leave us to the melancholy havoc which would instantly succeed her departure. Am I required to produce instances to convince my readers that virtue is not a shadowing substance, but a reality? Watch

the conduct of that man, I would reply, whose command of temper entitles him to the respect of every virtuous mind; he acts with a firmness and self recollection in situations where the unprincipled would be utterly incapable: fierce anger, he checks in its birth: when any of the tumultuous passions attack him, he either ceases to act, until reason return into his breast, or, should he be forced to take a decisive part, his progress is marked with cautious distrust of himself, and great circumspection. Should he sometimes have cause to lament his rashness, for who among the sons of men is absolutely free from error, his future life will be devoted to rectify the mistake of which he is guilty.—What is a steady principle of action like, but a faithful pilot, who conducts a vessel through dangerous shoals which have proved fatal to thousands? Even supposing, for a moment, that the constant practice of virtue had no hope of being rewarded beyond this world, there is a calm satisfaction of soul, and an unruffled serenity of temper, which is an ample recompense for every uneasy feeling we may experience. A mind unfurnished with virtue, resembles a bark committed to the fury of the raging element without a rudder: it contains within itself none of those supports which are so necessary and so generally required in making the dangerous voyage of life. Every adverse circumstance that occurs is sufficient to unhinge the mind, and to terminate in despair. Prosperity brings with it little cause for rejoicing; it is viewed as an accidental occurrence, which enables a man to experience none of those delicate sensations which constantly arise in the mind from the reflection, that we have done our duty. Let me further present to the attention of my readers, the power of virtue in restraining our love of pleasure within proper bounds. Many men indulge in pursuits of this kind, which degrade the dignity of the rational nature beneath the rank of the brute creation, impair the faculties, and blunt the fine feelings which the wisdom of a kind Creator hath im-

planted in the breast. While some men drag out a miserable existence, rendered insupportable by the painful reflection that they are the guilty cause, the days of a good man glide on with calm and unruffled serenity; in the gloom of night, his conscience pains him not, and, in the bright effulgence of day, a sense of guilt does not prevent him from enjoying the varied beauties with which the universe is stored. Indeed the mind is incapable of feeling the true pleasures which result from the contemplation of nature, when it is debased by those deliberate acts of guilty thought which extinguish every noble feeling. In the moment, perhaps, of vicious indulgence, the sensualist may experience a transient sensation which he chooses to dignify with the name of pleasure; but it soon vanishes away like a dream of the night, or "a tale that has been told," leaving behind causes of remorse sufficient to embitter the longest life.

Indeed, though God had not condescended to reveal himself to us as our judge, the advantages to be derived from the cultivation of virtue would have induced us to yield to her power. But we have reason to express our thankfulness, that promises of an eternal reward are added to assured prospects of temporal tranquillity. It will be to our advantage to adorn our minds with every requisite quality which virtue requires her votary to possess, that we may enjoy those important privileges to which she entitles her children. The longer we continue to act under her power, the more easy will her yoke be to us. If we act not at present under her influence, we may think it hard to deny ourselves those pleasures, which the world tolerates, but time will enable us to esteem that day the happiest of our lives when we forsook the thorn-
ing paths of vice for the pleasures of virtue.

C———.

F. D———.

5th Nov. 1812.

REVIEW OF FEMALE LITERATURE.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR; OR, RURAL PHILANTHROPIST; a
Poem, by W. HOLLOWAY, *Author of the Peasant's Fate,*
Scenes of Youth, Minor Minstrel, 12mo. price 5s. Pub-
lished by Gale and Curtis, Paternoster-row, 1812.

Say you Religion wears a gloomy grace,
Spleen in her eyes, or languor in her face :
Behold the man who travels in her ways,
And gives to God the portion of his days ;
Thron'd on his brow sweet cheerfulness is seen,
Warm is his bosom, and his soul serene.

BOOK I. v. 329.

MR. HOLLOWAY, to whom our Apollonian Wreath has often been indebted, has so frequently been a successful candidate of public favour, that the little we can say in favour of his work, will be lost in the more powerful applause of the multitude: leaving voluminous quartos on obsolete subjects, large letters, and broad margins, to his poetical competitors, Mr. H. is content to compose a small volume, which may be interesting to every age or station of life; "The Country Pastor" is commendable for the honest truths of its narrative, and its strict moral tendency; the character of Theophilus, the Pastor, he has depicted with poetical justice,—his hero is what we trust may often be found in common life, a clergyman imitating his divine Master, and going about doing good. The following extracts, we conceive, are sweetly pathetic, and must come home to the feelings of every lover of rural life; they possess all the locality of scene, without being trite or mean :

" Sweet is the silent walk o'er spring flowers gay,
Through harvest fields, or meads of new mown hay ;
The museful ramble on the sandy shore,
Where burst the constant waves with lengthen'd roar ;

The sober ride along the forest glade,
The lane's long windings, or the elm-row's shade.

* * * *

At breezy eve, when meditation loves
The soothing murmurs of Autumnal groves,
While from mid Heav'n the mirror of the night
Flings o'er the sapphire arch her silver light,
Lock'd arm in arm, beneath the chequer'd shade
Of ash, or elm, or beechen colonade,
The tender guardian, with his charge, is seen
To pace the walk beside the spangled green ;
Amid the lapse of pleasurable hours,
To form their taste, or try their mental powers :
Thus, in the hallow'd academic grove,
The sons of ancient wisdom us'd to rove,
And while each tongue to loftier themes inspir'd,
Sublime conceptions every bosom fir'd.

—

The Poet thus describes a Desolate City:

The scene is clos'd, the work of Heav'n is o'er,
And mighty Babylon shall rise no more.
Come now, ye howling tenants of the waste,
Ye birds of rapine, share the rich repast ;
The banquet is prepar'd, of grateful things,
The blood of Princes, and the flesh of Kings.
Here shall the eye no Arab tent behold,
Here shall no shepherd ever pitch his fold.

At midnight's solemn hour, the doleful howl
Of prowling beasts, or hootings of the owl ;
Dark bats around the cedar ceilings cling,
And on the gilded cornice hook the wing ;
In once fair rooms the littering foxes hide,
And hissing serpents o'er the ruins glide ;
To marble halls the bloated toad resorts,
And the tall ostrich walks the lonely courts :
These are its sole inhabitants,—and here
Shall Desolation her black standard rear.

Those who have enjoyed the pleasures of true religion in some country church, will, no doubt, feel the following lines :

Where scarce the Sabbath morning sun's blest beam
Is through the ivied casement seen to gleam
O'er the bare pulpit's elevated site,
Whose wainscot pannels catch the tinted light,
And faintly, with its quivering radiance, trace
Some holy text along the white wash'd space,
Behold the preacher's rev'rend form appears,
Not bent with age, though stricken well in years.

The ritual clos'd, there still remains behind,
The noblest effort of the preacher's mind :
Sedate attention dwells on every face,
And breathless silence lulls the rustling place ;
While all the bending auditory near
With pious emulation press to hear ;
The loitering plough-boy, with his clouted shoes,
On tiptoe steals beneath the *sheltering pews,*
To catch the text ; the dame in sober brow
In her old Bible turns the passage down,
At leisure hours to ponder o'er the page,
And re-revolve the doctrine of the sage.

STRICTURES ON THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Wednesday, the 2d of December, was produced at this theatre a dramatic piece called *The Renegade*, altered by Mr. Reynolds, from Dryden's Tragedy of *Don Sebastian*. Decided enemies as we are to these modern innovations, this botching system of mangling old authors, and seasoning them with modern puns, and making them *go down*, through the aid of processions, dances, and shew ; we shall merely add, that the scenery is superb, the actors obedient ; that Mr. *Sinclair* sung his songs with his usual effect, and that Mr. *Duroset* continues a promising acquisition. It has cost the managers an immense sum to in-

introduce a water-spout; is it for this they robbed each chandelier of a candle? If so, " 'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." In the present low state of dramatic taste, the piece will no doubt prove attractive.

DRURY-LANE.

On Saturday, the 12th of December, was produced an After-piece, called *Assination*, the joint production of an artist and a gentleman performing at the Surrey Theatre; but as, to use the words of the play-bills, it has been withdrawn, in *deference* to the opinion of the public, we shall not mention their names, or attempt to call in question this promising regard for public opinion, which the managers of our Theatres have of late treated with the greatest contempt. We understand, however, that the piece went on so smoothly, that the author present was congratulated, at the end of the first act, on its success. Whether its failure was accelerated by the recital of a *soliloquy*, written for the purpose of introducing a song, which song was omitted, we will not presume to determine. Men ever run into extremes: so is it with the manager of Drury; they determined on this night on not giving a single order; even the author of this piece was obliged to pay for the admission of his wife. This was certainly one way towards gaining the real opinion of the audience then present. Whether that audience were judges of theatrical merit, we are not bold enough to decide; suffice it to say, the piece was negatived. The managers of this theatre have also taken away the *ad libitum* free-admissions of the newspaper editors, leaving them only a single admission each. This we much approve; it seems to say to the public, that we will endeavour to place pieces and actors of merit before you; and by their merit, and your decision only, they must stand or fall. The diurnal critics cannot grumble at this, because, although they took the admissions, they were ungrateful, and continued to lash their patrons; and, according to their friendships and their prejudices, they wrested from the public its disinterested

opinion. Miss *Smith* and Mr. *Rae* have made their appearance at this theatre, and from what we have seen of their merits, we conceive them to be great acquisitions to theatric art. Although Mr. *Rae* has never been *berosciaded* (to make a word), we do not hesitate to say, that his *Norval* is equal to that of the other house. Miss *Smith* is, we conceive, our only hope, as the successor of Mrs. *Siddons*, and we shall watch her progress towards human perfection with no small degree of anxiety. The last time we saw these two performers was in the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*. The opening part of this play was not at all favourable to the *debut* of Miss *Smith*. We do not mean at all to deduct from the merit of this lady, when we say she did not look the love-sick girl of fifteen. Miss *Smith's* countenance is formed for more sublime conceptions of sensibility than *Juliet* ever knew; we were therefore not sorry when those parts were concluded, in which Miss A. or Miss B. with a silly, round, goodnatured face, might have done more for *Juliet* than Miss *Smith*. It is not improbable, that if this play was deprived of its dreadful *denouement*, that it would not be so high in public estimation. It was at the fourth act, when we had for some time endured the idea of a girl of twenty-five suddenly struck in love, determined, at all hazards, to fly into the arms of one who was her father's enemy; to hear her talk of cutting him out in little stars, that we asked ourselves whether many of our *young* correspondents might not think this very pretty. We beheld many a Christmas holiday female face pitying *Juliet*, and heard many sentences which young ears should not comprehend. It was at the fourth and fifth acts that the corruscations of Miss *Smith's* genius shot out, and told us she was fit for parts of higher import. As a whole, the performance of *Juliet* then was fine; the *Siddonian* brow, the look of horror, of Miss *Smith* spoke volumes; and the despair she exhibited at the tomb of the *Capulets* was horrifying and affecting. Mr. *Rae* sustained the part of *Romeo*, and acted it as well, we conceive, as it could be; but Mr *Elliston's* *Mercutio* was

too heavy for our liking. Too much praise cannot be given for the style in which the play was *got up*; the balcony scene at Verona, the funeral of *Juliet* was solemnly grand, and bating some *little* confusion in the order of the march of the junior mourners, we almost wished Shakespeare and Garrick could have been present at the representation. We could wish that the indiscriminate clapping at the end of every speech by the groundlings were abolished; it is apt to lead the performers into error. Could not the *green men*, the servants who have to remove chairs and tables, be habited in a sort of costume which might suit the scene of any piece, instead of their being habited in blue jackets with red collars?

O. P. and P. S.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION FOR JANUARY, 1813.

The Dresses invented by Mrs. Osgood, of Lower Brook-Street.

Morning Dress—A kerseymere gown of pale green, worked down the front with a Grecian scroll pattern, in black, pink, or light blue: this will be found an excellent article for the half dress, or morning call, to which a kerseymere cloak may be added, of light blue, or pink, with which a hat and feather, of the predominant color worn, will be highly-attractive in the promenade. Our figure is represented for a domestic, or home dress, with a mob cap, let in with fine lace; shoes, gloves, and ridicule (the latter of which has at length banished the cottage basket), of the same color with which the gown is embroidered.—Jewelry is no longer worn in the morning, except of very plain workmanship.

Evening Dress.—A three quarter pelisse, curved at the bottom, of white or pale sapphire satin, trimmed with broad lace, and laid on the pelisse; white gloves and shoes; hair à l'*Egyptienne*.





MORNING DRESS.

Published for the Proprietors. JANT 1.



EVENING DRESS.

1813. by Geo. Cooke & Co. 31 Poultry.



THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

STANZAS ;

Written in Cashiobury Park.

ALAS! are fled those fairy scenes, where late
My simple Muse was often wont to fling
Its untaught numbers, jocund and elate ;
Here rapturous strike the visionary string.

Those wanton zephyrs that wou'd often swell,
Responsive to the murmurs of my lyre,
Alas ! have breath'd a long, a last farewell,
Now winter's blast reverb'rates on its wire.

Here Fancy lov'd to rove, at evening's hour,
Whilst cooling, fragrant, breath'd autumnal gales,
And fondly o'er thy vernal lawn to pore,
Or hail the stillness of thy peaceful vales.

Here would it oft, in museful dreams, recall
Sweet scenes of youth from dark oblivious sleep ;
Or lull'd, romantic, by the busy fall
Of waters gurgling o'er the broken steep ;

Or list the raptures of the dulcet thrill,
Echo'd responsive from each shaded spray,
Or view the deer, quick bounding o'er the hill,
Rous'd by the lab'rour on his homeward way.

Here have I caught the sweet, the soothing sound
Of friendship's social converse on the ear,
Whose charms have oft spread sportive mirth around,
And check'd th' rememb'rance of dull sorrow's tear.

Here, seated oft upon the hill's steep height,
Have I survey'd the landscape's varying maze,
Or view'd the gothic pile with soft delight
Reflect the splendour of the evening's blaze ;

And oft, as fancy met its tow'ring pride,
Array'd in pomp of grandeur's wealthier lot,
It quick has turn'd, from splendid scenes, aside,
To the rude blessings of an humbler cot.

Then has fond love reflected to the sight
Contentment's charms, bereft of ev'ry care
That marks the summit of ambition's height,
That dims the lustre of its empty glare.

Then fairy hope would fan the swift-wing'd hours,
And expectation speed their wary flight,
Planting life's journey with delusive flowers,
That stern adversity too soon could blight.

Thus, wandering oft in many a museful dream,
I'd hail the raptures of thy silent scene,
When welcome morning spread her orient beam,
Or evening glisten'd on each gem serene ;

But, ah ! no more congenial to the reign
Of pleasing fancy are thy desert shades ;
No more to love awakes the tender strain,
Now frowning winter ev'ry charm invades,

No more thy walks does smiling fashion throng,
Or evening's rays, amid thy foliage gleam ;
No more does echo bear the boatman's song,
In ice-bound fetters sleeps your gentle stream.

'Tho' lost thy pleasures for awhile, yet will
I not forget thy fond endearing scene,
When richest beauty crown'd each sloping hill,
And smil'd thy woods in summer's verdant green.

And when, in gayest blossoms deck'd again,
Sporting in sunny gales of blooming spring,
Oh ! let me hail thy ever welcome reign,
And sip the fragrance which its beauties bring,

Emblem of man, when fled life's summer gale,
And winter o'er his brows its chill blasts fling,
He soars on hope beyond this earthly vale,
To the bright prospects of a joyous spring.

J. M. B.

YESTERDAY.

An Answer to Lysander's Enigma.

To-morrow, ev'ry ill shall cease
That dares usurp the throne of peace;
Day's orient god, with radiant car,
Shall bring sweet pleasures from afar;
The demon Care, with aspic sting,
Shall hide his head 'neath midnight's wing.
Thus luring Hope attun'd her lay
Within the reign of yesterday.

The morrow came, bright Phœbus rose,
But brought no end to human woes;
If one departed, deeper came
This the substance, that the name;
To present good thus ever blind,
We chace the phantoms of the mind.
How vain the pleasures to pursue
That only live to Fancy's view;
For when Reflection sheds her ray,
We find that bliss reign'd YESTERDAY.

A. KYNE

ENIGMA.

An apt enchantress, lo! am I,
Come, hold my mirror to thine eye;
My far blown fame thou wilt descry,
With Protean pow'r abounding;

As mortals, will my course I steer,
 Delight the view, enchant the ear,
 Or paint the dark Tartarean sphere,
 The mental mind astounding.

And where the rage-spent billows creep,
 Within the caverns of the deep,
 O'er coral beds, while Tritons sleep,
 My fairy footsteps wander ;
 Or daring upward bend my way,
 And on the convex rainbow stray,
 To listen, while the spheric lay
 In liquid trills meander.

I give what kings could ne'er bestow,
 Serene content's seraphic glow,
 And yet engender deep felt woe,
 Each pleasing prospect changing ;
 E'en now, while musing o'er my theme,
 And all thy labors ended deem,
 Entrusting to my faithless dream,
 Perchance thou art estranging.

A. KYNE.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SONNET by J. M. B. To an Atheist, Enigma, by Tim Puzzle-cap, Prose, by J. M. L. in our next. The Force of Magic is rejected.—Should we approve the Tale mentioned by R. P. we will insert it with pleasure : we beg leave to observe, that although the professors of Deism be unfortunately numerous, we believe that Atheism is nearly exploded. Sinceritas has our thanks, but he is mistaken.

We are happy to hear again from Agnes ; and hope she is now in a state of convalescency.—Stanzas, To my Wife, On Laura, Painting, &c. &c. are under consideration.—We have received the proposal of Francis, and agree to it.—Nestor shall be attended to ;—the Gossipers shall be forwarded to the gentleman who conducts that department.—We shall insert Oscar's communication next month, and also, at the same time, pay off all our Poetical arrears.





Engraved by Page, by Permission of Mr. Crosby.

MISS LAURA SOPHIA TEMPLE.

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